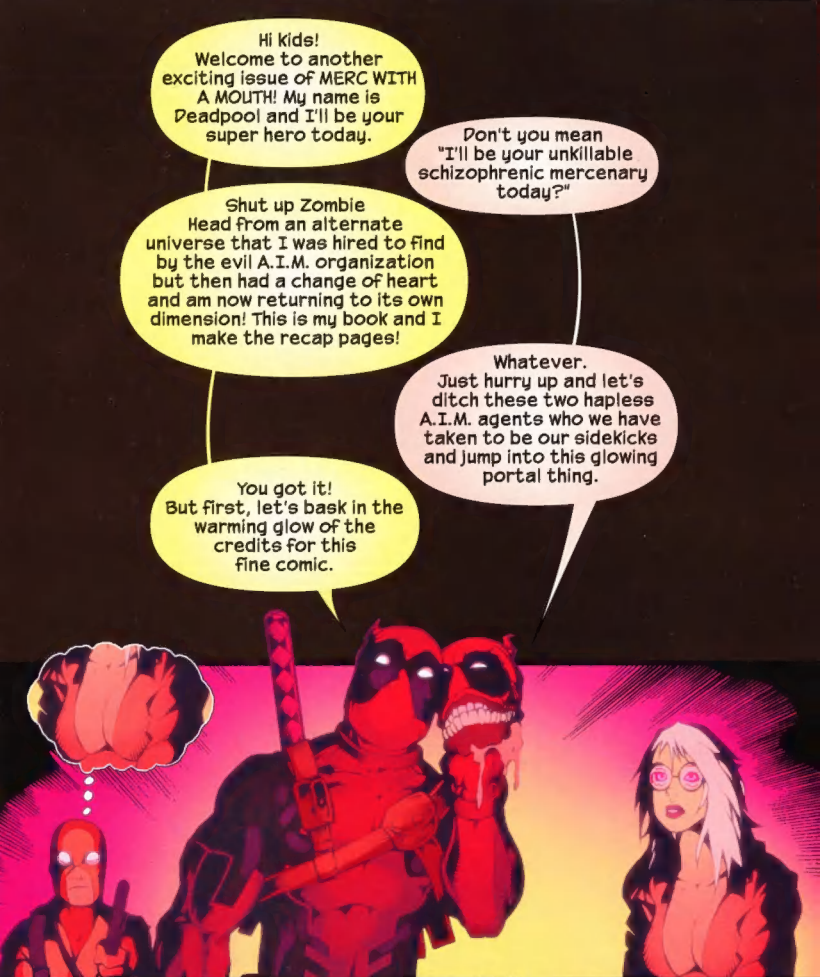
TM & © 2010 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.


Hi kids! Welcome to another exciting issue of MERC WITH A MOUTH! My name is Deadpool and I'll be your super hero today.
Don't you mean "I'll be your unkillable schizophrenic mercenary today?"
Shut up Zombie Head from an alternate universe that I was hired to find by the evil A.I.M. organization but then had a change of heart and am now returning to its own dimension! This is my book and I make the recap pages!
Whatever. Just hurry up and let's ditch these two hapless A.I.M. agents who we have taken to be our sidekicks and jump into this glowing portal thing.
You got it! But first, let's bask in the warming glow of the credits for this fine comic.

Writer
VICTOR GISCHLER

Art on Pages 1,31-32
BONG DAZO, JOSE PIMENTEL & MATT MILLA

Art on Pages 2-16
KYLE BAKER

Art on Pages 17-27
ROB LIEFELD

Art on Pages 28-30
DAS PASTORAS

Letters
JEFF ECKLEBERRY

Cover
ARTHUR SUYDAM

Variant Cover
ROB LIEFELD

Production
REV. PAUL ACERIOS

Asst. Editor
SEBASTIAN GIRNER

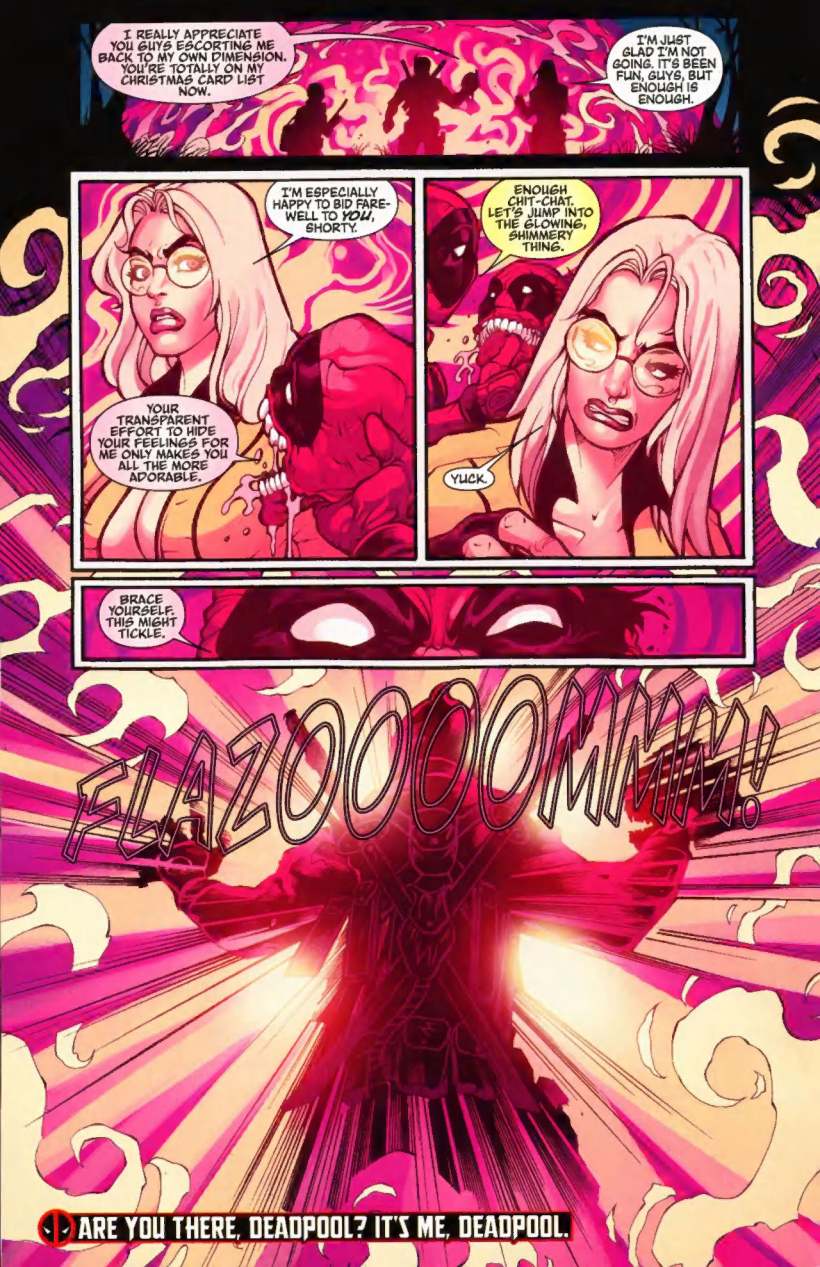
Editor
AXEL ALONSO

Editor in Chief
JOE QUESADA

Publisher
DAN BUCKLEY

Exec. Producer
ALAN FINE

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH No. 7, March, 2010. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016.
© 2010 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $3.99 per copy in the U.S. and $3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Publishing Division and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Chief Executive Officer and Publisher - Print, Animation & Digital Media; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, VP of Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIEL, Director of Publishing & Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Ron Stern, VP of Business Development, at rstern@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.


I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU GUYS ESCORTING ME BACK TO MY OWN DIMENSION. YOU'RE TOTALLY ON MY CHRISTMAS CARD LIST NOW.
I'M JUST GLAD I'M NOT GOING. IT'S BEEN FUN, GUYS, BUT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.
I'M ESPECIALLY HAPPY TO BID FARE-WELL TO YOU, SHORTY.
YOUR TRANSPARENT EFFORT TO HIDE YOUR FEELINGS FOR ME ONLY MAKES YOU ALL THE MORE ADORABLE.
ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT. LET'S JUMP INTO THE GLOWING, SHIMMERY THING.
YUCK.
BRACE YOURSELF. THIS MIGHT TICKLE.
FLAZOOOOMMM!!
ARE YOU THERE, DEADPOOL? IT'S ME, DEADPOOL.

INCOMING!
HEY HEY HEY!
BIP
OH, GREAT. ANOTHER ONE.
I'M MAJOR WILSON OF S.H.I.E.L.D. CODENAME: DEADPOOL. AND I REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.
YOU PEOPLE HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO.

I HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A ZOMBIE DIMENSION. I THOUGHT WE WERE CROSSING INTO GEORGE ROMERO CENTRAL.
FURTHER-MORE, BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE, MY NAME IS ALSO WILSON AND I HAVE A VERY SIMILAR WARDROBE.

PARALLEL UNIVERSES, SPORT. THIS GUY IS YOU.

ALL RIGHT! ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE WADE POSSE.
GIVE IT UP, MY MAN.
STAND DOWN, MISTER.

DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING, DUDE.

THIS GUY IS A TOTAL KNOB. I THOUGHT WE WERE COOLER THAN THAT.
I *know* we're cooler than that helmet.

OKAY, I TRIED. NUTS TO YOU, MAJOR FROWNY-FACE. WE'RE OFF TO SOME OTHER DIMENSION WHERE THEY APPRECIATE COLD BEER AND WITTY BANTER.
YEAH. AND THE PLOTS AREN'T SO SIMILAR TO OLD *STAR TREK* MIRROR UNIVERSE EPISODES.

I DON'T THINK SO. LAUNCH THE CAPTURE NET!
FWOOMP!
CRAP.
THEY GOT ME, HEAD. RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!
HILARIOUS.
Ha. Because he's legless.
YES. THAT'S THE JOKE.
YOU LOUSY DRIP. WHEN I GET UNTANGLED I'M TURNING YOU INSIDE OUT, SO PREPARE TO GET YOUR ASS HANDED TO YOU.

TEN MINUTES LATER...
OKAY, AFTER I GET OUT OF *THIS*, I'LL TURN YOU INSIDE OUT.
MISTER, I'M GETTING A BIT TIRED OF YOUR MOUTH. NOW START ANSWERING SOME QUESTIONS. ARE YOU THE ADVANCE SCOUT FOR AN ATTACK FORCE COMING THROUGH THAT PORTAL?
OH, HELL. I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE THE MOST SANE PERSON IN THE ROOM.
LISTEN UP, GENERAL PATTON. THERE AREN'T ANY STORM TROOPERS COMING THROUGH GALACTIC GRAND CENTRAL.
SHORTY AND I TOOK A LEFT TURN AT ALBUQUERQUE AND ENDED UP IN YOUR JURISDICTION. JUST LET US GO, AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.

I CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFETY OF THIS NATION, AND THAT'S A SACRED DUTY I TAKE SERIOUSLY.
THAT PORTAL APPEARED THREE DAYS AGO, AND I LOST A TEAM OF GOOD MEN WHO VOLUNTEERED TO GO INSIDE. GOD HELP THEM.
DON'T FEEL BAD. MAYBE THEY WENT TO THE DIMENSION OF COTTON-CANDY HOOKERS AND CHOCOLATE BEER.
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, SERGEANT ROCK? CHALLENGE ME MANNO-A-MANNO?
THAT'S IT, MISTER. I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED SUCH BLATANT DISRESPECT. YOU'RE ON THIN FRIGGIN' ICE.
OH, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW. YOU WANT THE HURT? I'LL BRING THE THUNDER.
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN PRESCRIPTION FOR A DOSE OF PAIN, SOLDIER BOY.

UFF!
HUNGH!
SWOOSH!
BAPP!
YOU HAVE SOME SKILL. I COMMEND YOU.
AND I COMMEND YOU ON YOUR MINTY BREATH.

I FAIL TO SEE HOW GOOD ORAL HYGENE ENTERS INTO THIS.
BOOT!
I BET HE FLOSSES EVERY DAY.
Twice a day.
YOU UTTER BASTARD.
OKAY, NO MORE FOOLING AROUND. TIME FOR--
UGH! OH, NO! COUGH COUGH IT'S HAPPENING!
WHAT'S HE DOING?
Shhhh. Go with it.
DON'T THINK FAKING AN ILLNESS IS GOING TO WIN YOU ANY SYMPATHY.

THE H-HEAD. WHERE'S THE H-HEAD?
THE SCIENTISTS HAVE IT ACROSS THE COMPOUND, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS. SO WHAT?

THE HEAD IS M-MY SYMBIOTE! WE'VE BEEN SEPARATED TOO L-LONG. ZACK!

OH, COME ON.

ARGH!
THUDD

OH, NO YOU DON'T. NOBODY'S FALLING FOR THAT NON-SENSE.
ZOCK

SIR, YOU COULD USE THE SEAT.
NO TIME FOR SAFETY, BOY. THE INTER DIMENSIONAL NINJA CYBORGS MAY ALREADY BE UPON US.
KEEP THE METER RUNNING, SOLDIER.
THIS IS A CLASS ONE EMERGENCY. WHERE'S THE HEAD?
IN THE CONTAINMENT UNIT AS YOU ORDERED, MAJOR.
OKAY, I'M READY TO TALK. I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING. JUST LET ME OUT. YES, WE'RE AN ADVANCED SCOUT FOR THE SQUID CREATURES OF DIMENSION Q. THAT GUY I CAME WITH? I SAW HIM EAT A BABY.
IT'S ME, SHORTY! I BORROWED THE DORK'S HEAD-GEAR.
UH, I KNEW THAT. YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW THAT? HA. THAT'S FUNNY. I'D NEVER SELL YOU OUT.
PAL.

WHERE TO, SIR?
TIME TO BLOW THIS REALITY. ALTERNAVERSE TWIN'S HEALING HAS KICKED IN BY NOW, AND HE'LL BE COMING FAST.
TAKE US TO THE PORTAL. ALL HAIL THE MAPLE LEAF!
GOING FOR THE END ZONE.
STOP THEM!
FIRE!
RAT-TATT-TATT-TAT-TAT
THIP THIP THIP
WHOA.
WHOOOOAAAA!

OOF!
SOMETHING BAD'S HAPPENED HERE. THIS CITY HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.
Maybe it's Flint, Michigan.
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HELMET AND VEST?
Continuity error. Alonso and Girner asleep at the wheel again.
A LITTLE HELP, PAL?
WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE, LOOKS LIKE IT'S STILL HAPPENING.
CAREFUL, BOYS. WE JUST NEED TO GET THROUGH THIS LAST HOT ZONE AND WE'RE SAFE BACK AT BASE.
CHAPTER TWO: REBEL AMERICA

SENTINELS!
TAKE COVER!
HAVE AT THE TRAITORS!

WHUD
YOU KNOW, IT'S NICE JUST TO *WATCH* ONE OF THESE SMACKDOWNS NOW AND THEN INSTEAD OF ALWAYS BEING IN THE MIDDLE.
UH... STILL DOWN HERE.
UMPH!
WHACK

OH. MY. GODDESS.
WILL YOU %@&%$ PICK ME UP ALREADY!?
OKAY, OKAY. GET A LOAD OF HER.
YEAH, WELL, JUST WATCH AND LEARN FROM THIS QUALITY DON JUAN ACTION.
VA-VOOM. WE'RE HOT! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE BEEN SENT TO THIS REALITY INSTEAD OF STUCK ■ DINO-LAND WITH YOU?
LADY, IT'S STILL NOT TOO LATE TO DO THE RIGHT THING. STOP THIS REBELLION AND SWEAR LOYALTY TO YOUR COUNTRY. YOUR EXAMPLE WILL MEAN A LOT TO THE OTHER HEROS WHO'VE MADE THE WRONG DECISION.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU'RE SUPPORTING ■ GOVERNMENT THAT'S APPOINTED ITSELF ■■■ BROTHER, STRIPPING AWAY LIBERTIES, CREATING A FASCIST STATE "FOR OUR OWN GOOD." ALSO, I THINK SHIELD'S ARE QUEER.

THIS IS THE FATE OF OUR NATION WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.
I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOU WOULDN'T TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST --
TA-DA!
SMAK!
ALL PART OF THE SERVICE, MILADY. WIND-BAGS DISPOSED OF, ROMANTIC FANTASIES FULFILLED.
WELL, I DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP, BUT I DO ADMIRE YOUR FASHION SENSE.
YEAH, WE COVERED THAT IN THE LAST UNIVERSE. WHAT SAY WE GET A COUPLE OF FRESCAS AND--
BLONG!

The Mightiest Poster Ever!

Worthy to hang in the halls of Valhalla!

THOR

At nearly 10 feet long, this THOR poster is printed on special vinyl and only $29.99!

Featuring nearly every character in Asgard and drawn by Olivier Coipel!

Available now!

MARVEL®

TM & © [illegible] reserved.

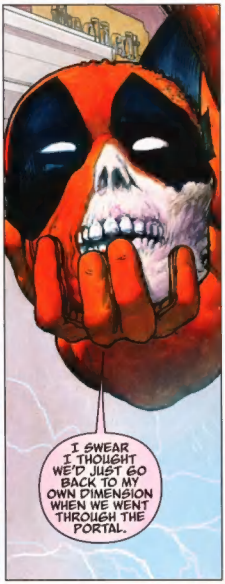
WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP
THAT'S SOME QUALITY PUMMELING.
I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THE SAME OF YOU.
CAP'S DOWN?
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE?
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE THAT ARM OFF BEFORE THE ZOMBIE VIRUS SPREADS. THE REST OF HIM SHOULD BE OKAY.
YOU'RE QUITE THE INTERESTING CHAP. I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.
SHLIKT
PERHAPS...

MMMMMMMMMMMMMM
SO... UH... MAYBE...
YEAH... UH...
THAT WAS ODD.
DISTURBING.
I'M JUST GONNA, YOU KNOW, GRAB THIS HEAD AND CAP'S ARM AND TAKE OFF.
SO HOW WAS YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH INTER-DIMENSIONAL SELF-INCEST?
SHUT UP.
I THINK THE KNICKS WILL HAVE A GOOD YEAR.
MEH.

NOW WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
CHAPTER THREE: THE DEADPOOL KID

HOLY CRAP! IT'S THE DEAD-POOL KID. SOMEBODY FETCH SHERIFF FURY.

OHHHHH... NO.


I SWEAR I THOUGHT WE'D JUST GO BACK TO MY OWN DIMENSION WHEN WE WENT THROUGH THE PORTAL.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, KID. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR BANK ROBBERY, ARSON, SOFTWARE PIRACY AND STAMPEDING PYGMY GOATS THROUGH AN ORPHANAGE. I MIGHT NOT HAVE MY POSSE WITH ME, BUT A MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO.

THAT'S *REALLY* NOT NECESSARY. I, UH, THINK YOU GUYS GOT ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE?
YOU'RE NOT ALONE, SHERIFF. I GOT YOUR BACK.
LOGAN. PERFECT.
THIS AIN'T YOUR FIGHT, BOUNTY HUNTER.
SERIOUSLY, GUYS, THIS IS ALL A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING. JUST LET ME AND MY LITTLE FRIEND GO THROUGH THIS DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY -- WHICH YOU PEOPLE MUST HAVE SEEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET -- AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.
YEAH, LIKE PRONTO.
HA-HA! NOW THAT I HAVE A NEW PARTNER, ME AND THIS OTHER DEADPOOL ARE GONNA RUN THIS HERE TOWN.

PRAISE THE BUDDHA. WE'RE BACK.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING RID OF THAT DAMN HEAD.
WHAT SHE SAID.
GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YA? YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE FOR LIKE TEN SECONDS.
TEN SECONDS? HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?
PERHAPS I CAN ANSWER THAT.